

## OUR BOYS

## AND GIRLS

## PLINY QUICK, HIS MARK

**HE Introduces a New Fad to Oakdale with Disastrous Results**  
BY ARTHUR MORGAN LANGWORTHY

If Pliny Quick had not worn a pair of metal heel plates on his shoes to keep the heels from wearing down there would be no story to tell. For then he would not have visited Oakdale's five and ten cent store to get a new pair to replace a lost heel plate.

Pliny was always doing queer, original stunts, and as he bought the little heel plates his eye wandered over the contents of the nearby counters and the idea about "his mark" suddenly struck him. For his glance had rested on a tray of small cast metal letters such as are used for lettering doors, lockers or drawers. Pliny laughed as he purchased a couple of tiny metal Q's, and the young girl who sold them jokingly asked if he was going to turn Chinaman. He knew her, and when he explained why he wanted them she was very much amused.

Thus when Pliny appeared at school next day and proudly stuck his foot in some nice, soft, mouldable mud he created a new fad.

A plain, unmistakable imprint of a Q was stamped in every footprint. Everywhere he walked Pliny made "his mark" if the ground was at all soft or yielding. For he had fastened the small raised metal Q on each heel, and they were bound to make perfect imprints each time he pressed his weight upon them. There was a grand rush to buy monogram letters, which almost depleted the five and ten cent store's supply.

Probably no one will ever know how many hardwood floors were scratched up before this letter heel stamp craze was finally suppressed. One thing that is sure—Pliny Quick will hardly forget the awful scrape it landed him in. It really began in this way:

A crowd of Pliny's schoolmates stopped to call for him on the way to school. At this time the Quicks were having the sidewalk in front of the house repaired. It was a cement walk. Several patches of concrete had just been laid and were still damp, therefore easily impressionable.

"Say, Pliny, why don't you leave your mark in the concrete?" suggested "Chub" McAllister.

"Good idea, I'll do it." And Pliny carefully planted his heel upon a spot near the gate. The heel mark and "Q" were reproduced perfectly. Pliny added a finishing touch by scratching "1911" beneath it by means of a sharp wire nail. This operation successfully over, the crowd walked on and turned the corner into Main street. Here they found more concrete work being done. The workmen were busy making a stretch of sidewalk ready for reconcreting. Possibly it would not have roused a certain mischievous interest but for one fact—the sidewalk belonged to the boys' long detested enemy, John Crawford, the violet farmer. He had waged war for years on juvenile Oakdale, in vain attempts to stop its perpetual habit of "plugging" his tempting array of glass greenhouse roofs just outside of town. The sidewalk fronted his town floral shop.

"Say, wouldn't I like to walk into that concrete!" exclaimed Walter Armstrong maliciously. The crowd echoed his sentiments—except Pliny. There was never any love lost between Walter and the Quicks as you have doubtless already learned in other stories about Oakdale. "He'd find out who did it by the letter," objected Pliny.

"I bet you're afraid to do it," sneered Walter.

"I am not," retorted Pliny hotly.

"Well, they won't get ready before dark. I dare you to."

"I'm not afraid to, but I might just as well go in and tell old Crawford beforehand. Besides, it's a kind of cheap thing to do," eagerly cried Pliny, retreating at Walter's trying to force him into doing what his common sense knew was wrong and foolish. And so they wrangled.



Pliny Held Up His Foot So That Professor Hackett and His Irate Visitor Could Examine the Heel.

and argued all the rest of the way to school. For Walter had "made an issue" by intimating that Pliny wouldn't take a dare, and Pliny sought to convince his doubting schoolmates that the dare wasn't a fair one. The question was still unsettled when the school bell rang.

Now, Pliny Quick was not exactly the best behaved boy in the class, which was rather against him in view of what happened. Pliny sat between "Chub" McAllister and "Silver" White. Walter Armstrong's desk was a couple of seats directly back of Pliny's. Walter Armstrong was anything but a good boy in department, being sly, turbulent and a great trial to Professor Hackett, who was principal as well as teacher of the upper classes in grammar.

So it was only natural that Walter should stir a little shooting contest with any

one who happened to be within range as a target for his concealed pea shooter. "Chub" McAllister's fat neck got most of the benefit of Walter's shooting. "Chub"

Just as he had his hands on the shooter one of Walter's shots missed "Chub," but sped on to find a mark about an inch from Mr. Hackett's face. It flattened

refused to listen to Pliny's protest of innocence. Walter Armstrong, who should have come forward and owned up, only laughed at having unintentionally "put one over" on his old rival.

Mr. Hackett finally turned to the class and spoke in a stern voice:

"Mr. Crawford makes a serious charge. He says that some one in this class has so badly defaced his new cement walk by walking over it before the cement dried that it is totally ruined. Who knows anything about it?"

Not a boy or girl answered.

"Mr. Crawford, will you please tell these pupils why you are sure some one among them committed this outrage on your property?" continued the professor, his voice growing harsher.

"There was the imprint of a Q on every heel mark," snarled Crawford. "Now I know one of these boys' names."

"Wait, Mr. Crawford, I'll do the prosecuting," interrupted "Old Hack." "Will those whose last names begin with Q stand up?"

Pliny rose tremblingly from his seat. He was the only one in the room, as his brothers were in other classes.

"Pliny Quick, did you do this?" demanded Mr. Hackett.

"No, sir."

"He must have done it," yelled Crawford.

"Pliny Quick, do you wear metal letters on your heels?" questioned the principal.

"Yes, sir."

"Come to the desk."

Pliny walked slowly to the desk. Things looked pretty black for him. He was positive some of his brothers was guilty, as he was the only one who wore the Q's on his heels. He looked back and eyed Walter Armstrong, who only grinned mockingly. Pliny clenched his fists as he realized what a scrape he was in. He felt sure Walter was implicated, but how could he prove it?

"Hold up your foot," commanded "Hack."

Pliny stuck up his foot so that Professor Hackett and his irate visitor could examine the heel, while an audible snicker spread over the room at Pliny's comical appearance. "Old Hack" and Crawford peered at both heels, and then Crawford completed Pliny's condemnation by asserting that the Q on his heels and the imprint on the cement were exactly alike.

"Well, sir, have you anything to say for yourself? By the way, you have three brothers, and you four boys are the only pupils in the Oakdale Grammar School whose names begin with 'Q'."

"Shall I send for them?" asked the principal, who didn't want to condemn Pliny if there was the slightest doubt of his guilt.

"Don't send for them; they had nothing to do with it."

"Then why did you do it?" "I didn't do it," cried Pliny earnestly, almost in tears, for it takes a lot of nerve to bear up before the whole class on such a false accusation.

"Don't make the thing any worse by denying it. Your own heels convict you," thundered "Old Hack," while Crawford could hardly restrain himself from laying hands on the supposed culprit.

"I'd like to ask Mr. Crawford one question," said Pliny, who had luckily not lost his head completely.

"Ask it, you young whelp!" shouted Crawford angrily.

"Have you any idea when this happened?" questioned Pliny.

"Yes. I worked late on my books yesterday. I was in the store until eight o'clock last night. The cement was all right then, but when I came back from supper at half-past eight a friend of mine dropped in and said he saw a boy tramping around in the cement. The store front was dark and the street light was too far off for the boy to be recognized. It must have happened between eight and half-past last night!"

The funniest look imaginable came over "Old Hack's" face. He turned to Crawford and actually grinned.

"Crawford, there's something mighty queer about this, but between eight and half-past Pliny Quick was right here in this room!"

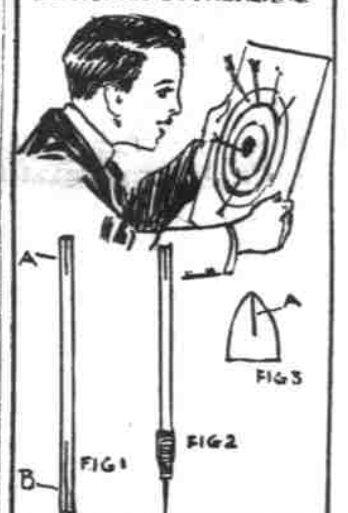
What a sensation! What a flood of relief for poor Pliny, yet it was the exact truth. It happened that his father wanted him to go on an errand in town just at the time "Old Hack" had sentenced him to stay in for the pea shooting episode. The Professor had some examination papers to prepare at school in the evening, so he allowed Pliny to go, on his solemn promise that he would return that night and serve out his "sentence." What a lucky thing the boy kept his word!

A rigid investigation proved only one thing. The girl at the metal letter counter remembered selling Walter Armstrong a number of letters that same day, but couldn't positively say about the "Q's." She had sold other boys sets of letters also, which further complicated the case. As Walter angrily denied having anything to do with it and Pliny's brothers all proved they had not worn lettered heel plates, the mystery was never really settled, though Pliny was mighty sure who played the mean trick on him.

But it did "settle" the great lettered heel fad forever. And as for its creator, most people say if he survives his many scrapes he may "make his mark" yet, but not on any more cement sidewalks!

## HOW TO MAKE SMALL DARTS

BY NORRIS SUTHERLAND



HAVE had a good deal of fun with these darts, and I think any other boy can also.

First, you get a match or any other small piece of wood. Then you slit it at one end one inch and at the other end three-quarters of an inch. (See fig. 1, a, b). Next you get a needle or a pin with the head cut off and insert it in the longer slit. You may fasten it in with glue and thread or wire (thin iron or steel wire is best). Now the work is almost done. You should put a rubber band over the thread or wire. (See fig. 2.) A piece of paper shaped like this is to be inserted in the shorter slit. (See fig. 3.) A cut should be made half way down the paper. (See fig. 3, article a.) The points should be bent to either side and the dart is ready for use.

## JOHNNY PAPER DOLLS NEW WARDROBE

Johnny Paper Doll, who is the twin brother of Miss Paper Doll, whose gowns have been published in the page for boys and girls, has just purchased his new wardrobe. Johnny goes to school and the clothes published here include his school suit, his Eton suit for parties and school overcoat. Cut them out and see how well they fit Johnny Paper Doll. You May Color the School Clothes with Your Water Color Paints.



## CANDY MAKING FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Recipes from the New York Evening Telegram Cook Book.

**BOYS** and girls who wish to give something to their friends for Christmas presents that they have themselves made and that will not take too much time in the making will find that boxes of home made candy are most acceptable to a large number of their friends, even to their grown up acquaintances. If one can make attractive boxes also to put the candy in the present will seem all the more a personal one. Here are some simple recipes for various sorts of candies, and among these some one kind will certainly be found to please the taste of any one who likes candy at all. The making of an entire new box for the candy is difficult, but one can use an old box as a

foundation and cover it with fresh paper. The inside also with fresh white paper. White moire paper is attractive for the inside of the box and pink or yellow moire for the outside. If you do not care to make a box the boxes covered with Christmas paper can be bought for a few pennies. Boys and girls who want to entertain their young friends informally during the holidays will find it great fun to make their own candy for the occasion.

**Spiced Chocolate.**  
Put into a saucepan two cups of brown sugar, one-half cup of grated chocolate, half cup of water, a teaspoonful of butter and cinnamon to taste. Cook until little when dropped into cold water; then pour into buttered pans.

**Butterscotch.**  
One cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of butter, two cups of powdered sugar and a pinch of soda. Boil until it rises when dropped in cold water, then stir in thin sheets to cool.

**Chocolate Marshmallows.**  
To make chocolate marshmallows wipe ordinary marshmallows free from corn starch, cut in halves, dip each in the melted chocolate and set away to harden.

**Peanut Candy.**  
Have ready one cupful of peanuts (shelled and chopped). Be sure you are rid of all the brown skins. Put one cupful of white sugar into a hot frying pan and stir until it is dissolved. Add the peanuts and turn immediately on to a buttered tin. As it cools cut into squares.

**Vanilla Fudge.**  
Put into a shallow porcelain lined pan a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a coffee cup of granulated sugar, a third of a large cup of condensed milk and water mixed in equal parts and a tiny pinch of salt. Set over the fire and stir constantly. Cook eight minutes from the time the mixture begins to boil, or until the mixture thickens so as scarcely to drop from a spoon. When it reaches this

stage remove at once from the fire. Now add a scant teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and stir briskly until so thick that stirring becomes difficult. This will be in about ten minutes. Turn on a buttered pan and when nearly cool mark into squares. This is delicious either fresh or when several days old.

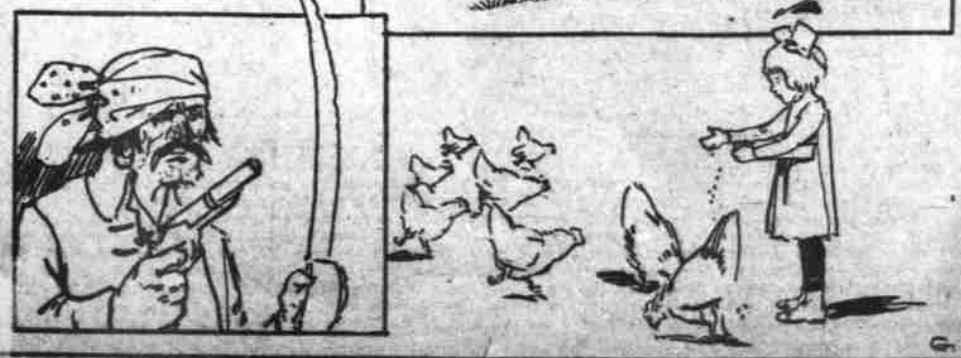
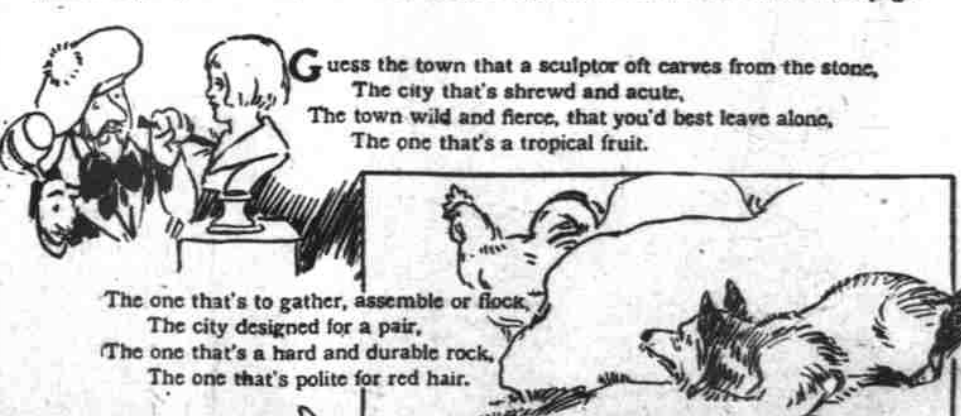
**Butter Taffy.**  
Put into a granite saucepan a cup and a half of light brown sugar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, a tablespoonful and a half each of hot water and vinegar and a pinch of salt. Cook until brittle when dropped into cold water. Add three teaspoonfuls of butter, cook a moment, add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into a shallow buttered pan. When cool mark into squares.

**Walnut Fudge.**  
Mix together one-half cup of brown sugar, one and a half cup of granulated sugar, half a cup of milk (cream is better) and butter the size of a ping-pong ball or smaller. Cook over a medium fire until it will harden slightly in cold water. Add one cup of chopped nuts, take from the fire and stir vigorously until cold. Add one cup of chopped nuts, take from the fire and stir vigorously until cold. Pour into a buttered pan and let it harden.

**Thanksgiving Menu Puzzle.**  
The Thanksgiving dinner menu published in last Sunday's page for boys and girls, was as follows—  
Little Neck.  
Oxtail Soup.  
Roast Turkey.  
Tomatoes, Peas, Artichokes (R. T. Choke).  
Cold Slaw.  
Pumpkin Pie.  
Ice Cream.

## PUZZLING TOWNS AND CITIES.

Each line of the following verses describes a city or town of the United States. How many of them can you guess? There will be more puzzling towns and cities in next week's page.



Guess the town that a sculptor oft carves from the stone,  
The city that's shrewd and acute,  
The town wild and fierce, that you'd best leave alone,  
The one that's a tropical fruit.

The one that's to gather, assemble or flock,  
The city designed for a pair,  
The one that's a hard and durable rock,  
The one that's polite for red hair.